

Edith Linweester
American Junior Red Cross
NEWS



May 1944

Kenne Bendick



ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS

BOY WITH COWS

From an original etching by John Costigan

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

May • 1944

How Doth the Busy Little Bee

JACK BECHDOLT

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

OLIVER OTT, boy brain trust of Harmony Village, looked at his friend, The Link.

Lincoln Treadway glared at his eight-year-old sister, Adele.

Adele grinned mockingly at both, and noisily sucked a lollipop.

It was all because of the patriotic float which the Civic Club planned to enter in the village win-the-war parade.

The Board of Trade had offered a prize for the most striking entry depicting some form of home defense. All the school organizations were competing. The Link and Oliver had been commissioned to win that prize for the Civic Club, and they had had very high hopes until Adele entered into their calculations.

A sketch of the float was even now pinned to the drawing board on Oliver's easel in the Ott Laboratory, the empty two-car garage in the Ott's back yard.

"Scrap drive" was the activity Oliver had chosen to glorify. The central figure of the tableau, which would occupy a large truck, was a warrior armored in scrap metal collected from the waste heaps. This warrior was holding at bay a villainous figure, The Axis. Behind the warrior cowered two women and a child, representing The Home. The title was "Let Scrap Defend Your Loved Ones."

Oliver was going to take the role of The Axis. The champion clad in armor of stove-pipe, old wash boilers and discarded cooking vessels was The Link. Two girls, Beth and Sally, had agreed to impersonate the frightened women. The cast lacked an actor for the terrified child.

Oliver and The Link had been too busy making tin armor from the scrap salvage pile to worry about that trifle. When they did get round to it they discovered that every child of the right age already had been booked to appear on the primary school float as a Maypole dancer. So, in desperation, they appealed to Adele.

"Why should I ride on your old float?" said Adele. "I can ride on the Maypole float and wear a white dress with a blue sash. That's more fun than being a ratty little child victim of The Axis."

"You could wear a pretty dress on our float," Oliver coaxed. "Couldn't she, Link?"

"Would I get to dance?"

The boys exchanged hopeless glances. "Be your age," her brother growled. "You're supposed to be scared of The Axis. Dancing is out."

"Well, I get to dance on the Maypole float!"

"You'd get to act—really act—on our float," Oliver urged. Adele gave him a scornful look.

American Junior Red Cross News is published monthly, September to May, except January, by the American National Red Cross. Copyright 1944 by the American National Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Enrollment of elementary schools in the American Junior Red Cross includes a subscription on the basis of one copy for each classroom enrolled. Enrollment is for the calendar year. Enrollment fee is fifty cents per room. For further information concerning enrollment and the Junior Red Cross program see your local Red Cross chapter. Individual subscriptions accepted at fifty cents a year, ten cents a single copy. Vol. 23, No. 8, May, 1944. Entered as second class matter January 18, 1921, at the post office, Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1921. Additional entry made at St. Louis, Missouri.

"Un-huh," she said, and rammed the entire lollipop into her mouth.

"All right," snapped The Link. "All right! So we can't get anybody, so we can't have the float and the club can't win the prize. And all because my own sister is a dumb little Fifth Columnist. All right!"

"Well, I guess that settles it," Oliver sighed and rumbled his tow-colored hair.

"I guess that settles it," Adele mocked with a sugar-smeared grin. She minced to the door, then paused and pointed a chubby finger at her brother.

"You promised me an ice cream soda. A choglet one."

"Uh-huh," Adele said, and rammed the entire lollipop into her mouth



The Link quivered with indignation. "I promised you an ice cream soda *if you'd be in our float*. Well you won't be—and you don't get it."

"You promised me an ice cream soda if I'd just come here and *talk* about being in it."

"Wait!" said Oliver. "Just a minute, Adele."

His face lighted as it did when he had a really big idea for a new invention.

"You like ice cream sodas, don't you, Adele?" he went on, nudging The Link. "I guess you could eat a lot of ice cream sodas, couldn't you?"

A glitter shone in Adele's prominent blue eyes. "I bet I could eat twice my weight in ice cream sodas," she announced.

"Maybe five, or six?"

"A dozen!"

"She never thinks of anything but her stomach," said her brother.

Oliver's voice was honeyed. "My, a dozen! How'd you like to try, Adele? Not all at once, of course. That'd make you sick. But say, one or two every day, just whenever you felt like it. Just to drop in at the drugstore and say, 'Make it a chocolate, Joe, and a double jigger of ice cream.'"

Adele drew a deep, quivering breath. "Oh . . . boy!" she sighed.

"It might be arranged," said Oliver thoughtfully. "That is, if you would help us with our float. Look, why don't we go down to the drugstore right now and talk business over a couple sodas?"

By the time Adele finished her second soda, a bargain was struck. Her talents and beauty were dedicated to the tableau, "Let Scrap Defend Your Loved Ones."

The cost, to be defrayed by Oliver and The Link jointly, was credit for one dozen sodas at the drugstore.

The friends returned to the Ott Laboratory to finish The Link's armor.

The Link in armor presented a weird, robot-like figure. Even an Axis might hesitate to engage it in battle. The helmet with narrow eye slits had once been a large aluminum cooking pot. The shield had done duty as the cover to a family wash boiler. The Link's limbs were encased in stovepipe, neatly jointed. After the parade all the equipment would be put back on the scrap salvage pile.

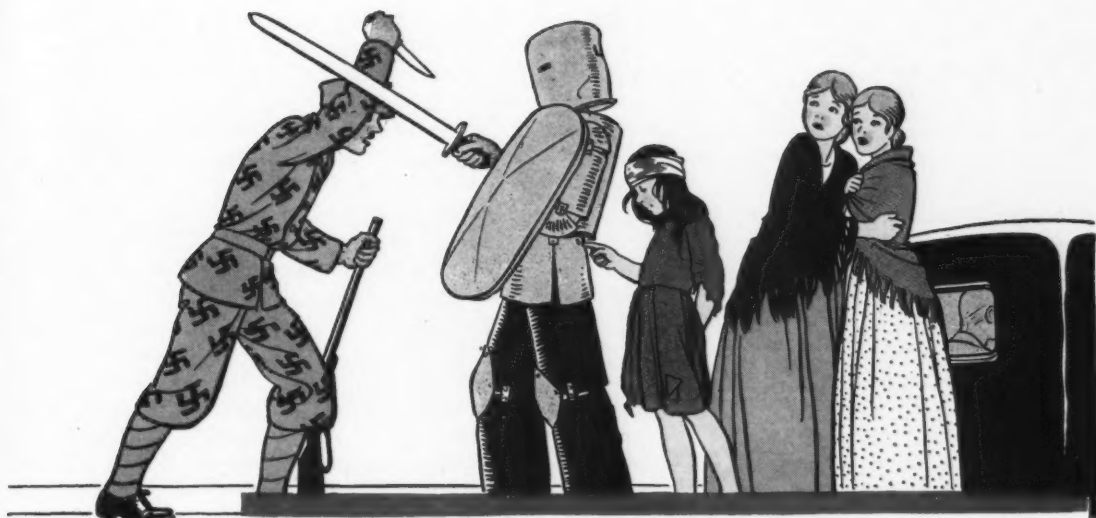
Inside this suit The Link could live, breathe and move, though moving was done with difficulty and a great deal of rattling. "I hope it won't be a hot day," he panted after the last trying-on. "Brother, I'm telling you tin underwear isn't the thing in hot weather!"

"Think of the heroes of Bataan," said Oliver.

On Saturday everybody was saying, "Just the day for the parade!" Everybody but The Link, that is. He groaned at the bright, cloudless sky and the rising thermometer.

"Look," Oliver coaxed. "Wear just your bathing trunks under the armor. It'll keep you from frying."

They rehearsed their roles for the last time. The action, as Oliver planned it, was simple. At regular intervals The Axis would rise, dagger in one hand, gun in the other and hurl himself against the armored champion. They would struggle. The Axis would sink back, dying, and The Link would triumphantly place one foot on his foe, rather in the style of the old pictures of St. George conquering the dragon.



Adele gave the bee a sharp flick. It vanished inside The Link's armor

A large open truck lent for the parade rolled into the Otts' side yard and Oliver and his friends decorated it with bunting and the big banner that said, "Let Scrap Defend Your Loved Ones."

Sally and Beth arrived, costumed in long skirts and shawls, their hair grayed with talcum. Oliver donned a military uniform with swastikas all over it. With considerable assistance, The Link climbed into his tinware.

Last of all, Adele strolled onto the scene, costumed in the tatters and rags of a refugee war orphan. About her young brow she wore a blood-stained bandage. Except that she was enjoying another lollipop, she appeared quite in the spirit of the thing.

Far down the village street a band started to play. Several decorated floats of a conventional sort trundled past on their way to the muster. A troop of Boy Scouts trotted down the dusty road. Everybody began to scurry about.

Oliver blew shrill blasts on a police whistle. "Time we got going! Take your places. Battle stations, all!"

Performers scrambled onto the float.

"Hey!" cried The Link, his voice muffled by the saucapan helmet. "Somebody give me a boost!"

The armored knights of old always had a faithful squire to heave them into the saddle. The Link had five, including the driver of the truck, while Oliver's mother hovered anxiously and offered gentle advice. They got The Link onto the truck and hoisted him to his feet.

"Now, Adele," Oliver directed, "jump up just behind your big brother. You're scared and you're hiding behind him, see? Just sort of peeking around his leg."

"Okay . . . okay," said Adele, bored.

Oliver took his own place, groveling before The Link.

"Let's go," he said.

"Wait!" said The Link from within his armor. "Hold it. Adele, for goodness sake!"

Oliver surveyed the trouble. "Now that won't do. It just won't do," he said.

The child refugee had draped herself negligently against her champion's leg. She was dreamily licking at her lollipop and looking very pleased with herself. Between licks she waved the sticky candy at a honey bee that hovered hopefully over her.

"Here," cried her brother. He snatched the candy and tossed it into the dusty road. "I suppose you think refugee kids go around sucking lollipops!"

"All right, then I'm not a refugee," Adele said promptly. "I'm quitting."

"You quit and there'll be no more ice cream sodas," Oliver said firmly.

"And I'll spank you, what's more," said her brother.

Adele looked thoughtful. She gathered that both threats were not idle chatter.

"Okay . . . okay," she murmured.

The Link wiped his sticky hands on his armor and resumed his helmet. "Let's go," he said.

There were three bands, counting the

Scouts' bugle corps. Harmony resounded with martial music, handclapping and cheers as the decorated floats rolled along Main Street.

The novel scrap float was creating a sensation. The Link looked magnificent as the champion of The Home; Sally and Beth were appealing figures. As for Adele, there had never been a more disconsolate war orphan. But inwardly the child star was seething with fury. She was not one tamely to submit to any older brother and she had not forgotten his high-handed confiscation of her candy. All this produced a frowning, tragic cast of countenance that made onlookers murmur, "What a perfect little actress!"

When Adele heard the remarks they made her madder than ever. To be outdone by two boys—even if one of them was Oliver Ott!

The honey bee, fascinated by her sweet stickiness, was still hovering about her. She waved it aside. Now it settled on her brother's armor, attracted by a smear of sugar there. Adele watched it, at first idly, then with growing interest.

The bee followed a little trail of sugar that led to a chink in The Link's armor in the middle of the backplate. The bee paused there, considering what to do next.

Adele glanced quickly at the two older girls. Encouraged by applause, Sally and Beth were acting the roles of two frightened women enthusiastically. They didn't see the bee and they were not watching Adele. The child refugee edged her finger closer to the bee and gave it a sharp flick. The bee vanished inside The Link's armor.

For the first time since the parade began Adele felt really at peace with her world.

Oliver and The Link were struggling.

"Listen, Brother," The Link muttered hoarsely as they wove back and forth, "I'm frying! I'm done to a crisp. Maybe I'll get sunstroke, or something."

"Stay with it, Link. It's almost in the bag, now. Hear 'em cheering?"

"All I can hear is my temperature going up. It sounds like a leaky radiator."

"Just one more fight, Link. We're right in front of the judges' stand, now. Come on, give it all you've got. You hit me with the sword. I'll fall and you put your foot on my chest, see?"

"Ow!" said The Link, and straightened convulsively. "There's something crawling down my back," he announced hoarsely and began to shimmy.

"Link, snap into it. Fight, darn you——"

"It tickles," wailed The Link. "It's walking right down my spine. It's driving me nuts——"

"What is?"

"How do I know what! I've got to scratch, I tell you——"

"But you can't scratch here," Oliver began. "The judges . . ."

"Hit me," wailed The Link. "Hit me on the back and make it quit!"

Oliver smote him lustily in the middle of the spine. Crushed between the armor and The Link's bare hide, the honey bee drove its own poisoned dagger to the hilt.

With a roar like the stricken leviathan, The Link made one convulsive leap. His hands clawed ineffectually at the bee sting.

Oliver was hurled aside. With a terrific clatter The Link leaped into the startled crowd and plowed a path toward the nearest vacant lot. As he ran, he shed tinware. When finally Oliver reached his side he was rolling like a dog afflicted with fleas and uttering howls unbecoming a champion of women and children.

"Never mind, we did our best," Oliver consoled, some hours later as he and The Link lolled on the Otts' shady lawn. "Everybody says it was a fine float, even if we didn't win the prize. Of course that bee getting in your armor was just one of those things the smartest man in the world couldn't count on. It's what you'd call fate, I guess."

"Oh, there you are," cried a childish voice. Adele strolled into view, looking pleased with herself.

"I've been looking for you," she said, indicating her brother. "You threw my lollipop away and you owe me another one for it. I guess I'll take it right now. It'll taste good after another ice cream soda."

The Link would have risen to make a violent protest, but was reminded sharply of his bee sting.

Oliver sighed.

"Here, Adele," he said and handed her a nickel. "After all, she kept her bargain," he said. "We kind of owe her something."

TOMATO TIPS: If you plan to grow tomatoes in your Victory Garden, take these hints from the cover design—plant the seeds in flats, put paper rings into the ground around transplanted seedlings to defeat cutworms, tie the vines to stakes with rags instead of string.



Numpy

THORA THORSMARK

Illustrations by Donn P. Crane

IT WAS SUMMER in Norway. The morning breeze felt cool to the homeless dog that trotted over a mountain slope and looked down at a little farmhouse. The dog was a Norwegian elkhound, hardly more than a puppy. He had a bright-looking face with pointed, upstanding ears and a smooth coat of dark grayish brown and buff. But where he should have had a fine tail, he had only a short stub.

The elkhound saw the sun shining on Ofoten Fjord, far away. On the farm he could see a man milking a cow. He heard a hen cackling, and knew there was an egg in her nest. He knew he would have to be careful, or the man would throw stones at him. Everywhere he went men threw stones at him or set their dogs to drive him away.

As the elkhound ran into the barnyard he thought a farm like this would be a fine home. There were cows and chickens here, and even children. A dog could have such fun playing with children. Children always had food, too, and he had often seen them sharing it with their dogs. Lucky dogs!

The elkhound heard the milk singing in the pail, and the good smell of it made his hungry mouth water. Another hen cackled, and the dog slipped quietly through the barn door. Seeing the strange dog, the hen cack-

The owner of the reindeer came running up, shaking a long stick. "Get away, you Numpy," he yelled at the elkhound

led louder than ever and flew down from her nest. Other hens flew out of their nests and ran about, cackling and squawking, but not daring to run past the strange dog in the doorway. In her fright one of the hens pushed an egg out of her nest. It fell on the floor and broke. The hungry dog ran to lick up the warm, delicious food.

There was a scream from the doorway, and the dog whirled about.

A woman stood in the door, flapping her apron. "Bad dog! Get out!" she cried, and the dog darted past her into the yard.

The man stopped milking and looked at the dog. "That's a fine elkhound," said he. "If only he had a tail, I might be able to sell him to the Lapps. They will be coming from the mountains any day now to let their reindeer graze on the islands of the fjord. Come here, old fellow."

But the woman picked up a stick and threw it at the elkhound. "He's a thief! He stole an egg!" she cried.

The elkhound ran away as fast as he could. At the top of the hill he stopped and looked back. He thought if only he had not licked up the egg, he might have had a home, and such a cozy home, too.

As the lonely elkhound trotted on, he felt the earth shake under his feet. He stood still, snuffing the air and pricking up his ears. From far away he could hear a dull, roaring

sound. A strong smell of animals and men came down the wind.

The elkhound heard the barking of dogs and ran to meet them. The roaring became louder; the earth shook more and more. Suddenly a herd of reindeer came leaping over a hilltop. It was their hoofs, pounding on the ground, that made the earth shake. The elkhound ran toward the reindeer. He sniffed at a little calf that ran beside its mother.

A small black dog ran at the elkhound, growling and barking fiercely. A man came running up, shaking a long stick. It was Lapp Skarpa, the owner of the reindeer. "Get away, you Numpy! Do you want to chase my reindeer back? Let them alone!"

The elkhound ran to one side. "Numpy!" The Lapp had given him a name. Did this Lapp want him for his dog? The elkhound wished with all his heart that it might be so. Numpy! He would listen for that name, and answer to it. The Lapp looked kind, but anxious. No wonder, with so many reindeer. Numpy would help him.

Hopefully, Numpy ran along beside the reindeer. There were hundreds of them! Thousands! There were great stags, with huge antlers; cows with tiny calves that squealed and grunted like little pigs; elder calves, with growing horns! All ages and sizes of reindeer! Down toward the fjord they rushed headlong! Hot and dusty from much running, they plunged into the water to cool themselves.

The reindeer herders threw themselves down on the bank to rest. They had come far on foot, bringing the reindeer down from the mountains. They were happy to be in sight of the islands of the fjord, where the reindeer would get fat eating the green grass and bathing in the cool, salt water.

Numpy lay down and watched Skarpa, the master. Skarpa was smaller than the farmer. He wore a blue, full-skirted tunic, belted around his hips. He wore tight-fitting leggings and pointed-toed shoes of reindeer skin. His cap had a square top, like a cushion.

"That Numpy looks like a bright dog," said Skarpa to a herdsman. "What do you think, Anders?"

"A tailless dog is only a cur; a numpy," said Anders.

Hearing the name "Numpy" the elkhound sprang up, eagerly wagging the stub of his tail, but Skarpa shook his stick, saying sternly, "Go home, Numpy!"

Numpy wished he could tell this kind-looking man that he had no home and no master. He lay down on a little hill, watching the reindeer splashing in the water.

After a short rest, Skarpa got up and called the black dog. "Come, Svarti! Drive them on!" he called, waving his hand toward the reindeer.

Numpy watched Skarpa open a small shed and pull out a rowboat, which he pushed into the water. "Hi, Svarti! Drive them to the island!" called Skarpa, as he began to row.

Svarti began swimming about, barking at the reindeer, but they paid no attention to him. As Skarpa rowed about, the reindeer moved aside to let him pass.

Skarpa rowed about for some time, and Numpy could see that he was slowly driving the reindeer onward through the water. Anders, in another boat, was shouting to the reindeer and to Svarti, who swam this way and that, barking loudly. Skarpa worked quietly, all alone. Wanting to help him, Numpy plunged into the water and began swimming around, barking at the reindeer.

Skarpa stopped rowing and looked at Numpy in surprise, but did not drive him away. A little calf, afraid of the new dog, began to swim toward the island. Its mother followed, and a few yearling calves came paddling after them. Other reincows followed with their calves. Numpy's barking soon had the whole herd in motion. He worked harder than ever to drive them to the island. At last they all got safely across.

Numpy lay down to rest in the sun, where he could watch the reindeer. They were eat-

ing the green grass as if they would never get enough. A little calf strayed away, but Numpy chased it back to its mother.

Numpy saw the men put up a tent and build a fire. Soon a good smell of food came from the tent, and Numpy ran toward it. He saw Skarpa and the other men sit down to eat.

As Numpy came near, Svarti jumped up and growled at him, for Svarti did not
(Concluded on page 183)



Numpy felt himself wagging all over



AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR



SUMMARY OF SERVICE

Review of Service—

What services to the nation have you had a part in, this school year: Gifts to the armed forces?

War on waste?

Improvement in health?

Intersectional school correspondence to increase national unity?

Use of JRC magazines, to learn of contributions to national welfare, by various groups?

What services have you had a part in this past school year to prepare for a better postwar world: Junior Red Cross Gift Boxes, to increase friendly feeling among children in other lands?

School Correspondence exchanges with Latin-American countries and others of the United Nations?

Letter booklets for England?

Use of your J. R. C. magazines as a means of understanding postwar problems and plans for solution?

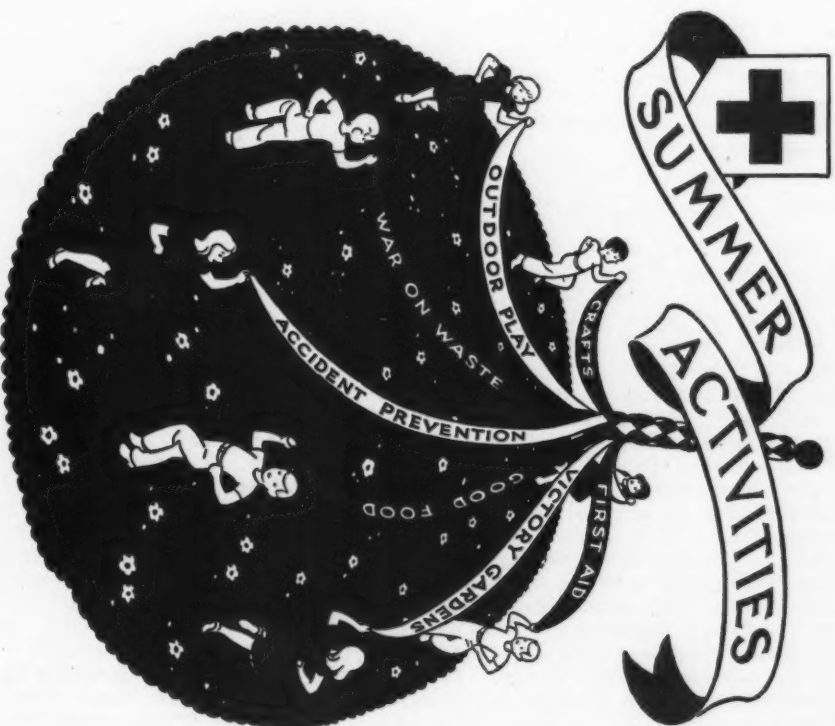
What have you done to help your own community:

Gifts for local institutions?

Improvement of health conditions and habits?

Understanding of wartime problems in your town and of ways you can help solve them?

Ask your Junior Red Cross



SUMMER OF SERVICE

War on Waste—

Prevent waste of health. Play and work outdoors. Rest. Eat fresh garden vegetables and fruits. Set up safeguards to prevent accidents from play. Help arrange for safe play places.

Conserve health by inquiring about ways of overcoming health problems in your community. Ask your doctor, the health department, or the county health officer.

Avoid waste of materials by learning to repair your own property and to make simple repairs about your home. Ask your mothers to find things for you to mend. Ask fathers to help you set up a neighborhood workroom where boys and girls can bring things and repair them. Contribute extra tools from home for the workroom.

War on waste by saving all that you can from earnings and allowances.

Prevent accidents in your war on waste. Learn precautions to take in melting fats. Learn precautions for handling household appliances and farm machinery you use in helping older people.

Opportunities Coming Up—

Ask your Junior Red Cross

1944

MAY

1944

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The May News in the School

The Classroom Index

Citizenship:

"The Adventures of Tom Edison," "Notes on the United Nations," "Watch that Lunch Bag," "New Hope in Their Eyes," front and back covers, "Ideas on the March"

Geography:

Norway—"Numpy"
Sweden—"Up Goes Sven"
United Nations—"Numpy," "Notes on the United Nations," "New Hope in Their Eyes"
United States—"How Doth the Little Busy Bee," "The Adventures of Tom Edison"

Health:

Front and back covers, "Watch that Lunch Bag"

Primary Grades:

Front and back covers, "Boy with Cows," "Up Goes Sven," "Competition"

Report on the National Children's Fund

The story, "New Hope in Their Eyes," is a report to members on the service that they perform through contributions to the National Children's Fund. Although one shipment of \$10,000 worth of shoes for Russian war orphans was lost when the ship carrying them was torpedoed another shipment is now on its way. Such losses are covered by insurance. As the Junior Red Cross contribution to clothing for Greek children, \$30,000 worth of socks and stockings have been purchased to complete outfits contributed by the Senior Red Cross. Yugoslav evacuees are being provided with \$6,000 worth of school materials. Gifts for British children are being continued.

For such reasons as national security in the war effort and uncertainty that plans will go through on schedule, it is not always possible to announce National Children's Fund projects in advance. It is all the more important then that when information can be summarized in a story like "New Hope in Their Eyes," it should be transmitted to the members. Teachers of primary grades can help by retelling facts in terms that the youngest members will understand.

Summer Activities

Certain Junior Red Cross activities, less dependent on classroom supervision than others, are especially suitable for summer workrooms of Junior Red Cross members. Supervision on the part of the Junior Red Cross Chairman, of members of her committee or of other qualified chapter volunteers is however essential.

From England samples were recently received of oilcloth building blocks for little children. These are made of scraps of oilcloth two inches square, six squares of contrasting colors to each cube. The squares are sewed together firmly on the right side with a buttonhole stitch and are stuffed firmly with

cotton, or snippings of cloth. The completed blocks must be smooth and even, so that they can be piled up successfully by the young builders.

Another idea from England is that of alphabet spools. Junior Red Cross members have sometimes painted sets of spools of different sizes in gay colors and sent them to schools for the blind for the young children to use in counting, stringing, building, matching sizes and other games they may devise. These from England were designed for children with sight. The spools are first painted in primary colors. On one end of each is pasted one large printed letter of the alphabet, cut from a magazine advertisement. On the other end is pasted a small picture of a child's head, an animal, a flower or toy, clipped from a magazine. The whole spool is then shellacked. Of course, it takes 26 to make an alphabet set.

A pattern sheet with directions similar to those given here has been mimeographed. It also includes a pattern for a soft ball to be made from scraps of oilcloth or other fabric. You may get it through area headquarters.

A conservation activity popular in several chapters is that of salvaging Holland cloth. This material, which is from six to eighteen inches wide, is used to wrap recapped tires. When the tires are sold the material is cut off and the automobile companies have no further use for it. One kind of Holland cloth is starched very stiff, and is salvaged by washing it in hot water until the starch is removed. It is then excellent for making surgical dressings. Another kind is the varnished kind and cannot be salvaged for surgical dressings, but some Junior Red Cross members have found it exceptionally fine material to use in book-binding projects such as making covers for braille stories, for magazines, short stories clipped from magazines, memo pads and writing boards. It is reported that Holland cloth is often available for the asking. Your Junior Red Cross chairman may be able to discover a local source.

Another workroom activity may be that of mounting posters to decorate dayrooms of camp hospitals. Sometimes chapters can secure travel posters from railroad companies, air transportation offices, tourist agencies and lithographing concerns. Local stores may contribute discarded cardboard display signs and corrugated cartons, to be used as backing. Home-made paste can be made by cooking a mixture of flour, alum and water. After the posters are mounted, they are rolled smooth with a rolling pin. If slats from discarded crates or "cull" lumber from local lumber yards are available, older boys may frame the posters after they have dried. In any event, the posters should be sprayed or brushed with clear varnish to give a glossy finish. In some cases the Camp and Hospital Council may prefer to have Junior Red Cross members help secure materials for veterans to work with rather than making the posters themselves. Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman to find out.

Planning for Next Year

THE elementary curriculum section of the Los Angeles City School District early last year sent schools a bulletin entitled "Junior Red Cross in the War Program." Junior Red Cross activities in the Los Angeles schools are coordinated by Mrs. Helen T. Dubsky, who works in close cooperation with the supervisor of the elementary school curriculum.

The theme of the Bulletin was taken from the *Junior Red Cross Calendar* for February 1943: "United in Serving our Armed Forces" and "United in Serving our Community." General principles underlying Junior Red Cross work were stated:

"The activities of the Junior Red Cross provide opportunity for children to

1. Have an important, active part in winning the war
2. Make a definite contribution through production of the articles needed for the armed forces and community service
3. Work with accuracy for high standards of accomplishment
4. Practice thrift and economy in the use of time and materials.

"The production of such articles may be an appropriate part of the elementary school program of instruction

1. The art program provides a definite place for making many of these articles, as scrap books, greeting cards, nut cups, book covers, and others.
2. The Practical Arts program provides opportunity for such handwork as knitting, simple sewing, making scrap books, games, and others.
3. Some elementary schools have regular sewing classes where articles like bedside bags, bedpan covers, and simple garments can be produced under supervision.
4. Some elementary schools have regular manual training classes where more complicated wooden games and toys can be produced.

"The Junior Red Cross production as part of the regular school program provides for the American Red Cross

1. A source of service to the community
2. A source of production of many comfort articles needed by the armed forces
3. A source of supply of many articles made from salvage materials

"Every boy and girl in the elementary schools of Los Angeles should have opportunity to serve and produce for the war effort. The American Junior Red Cross provides this splendid opportunity."

Grade Placement

This fall a new bulletin was issued giving necessary addresses and general instructions, supplemented by more specific suggestions about grade placement. It was made clear that "all teachers should feel most free to select from the *entire* list any articles that her pupils can make with a *fine degree* of accomplishment. Teachers of grade six, for example, may choose articles indicated for lower grade levels. It is doubtful if teachers of younger grades should elect to make articles indicated as appropriate for the more advanced grades."

The items listed for local service are omitted here and slight modifications have been made, to fit the broader national picture. School equipment and children's individual skills vary widely in different communities and even in schools of the same community. No rigid grade assignment for community service ac-

tivities can be laid down by national headquarters.

With regard to nation-wide activities, however, broad experience gives a basis for advice. Reasons for advising chapters about grade placement of production items for SAF are especially valid, since the lists are based upon requests from army and navy officers and American Red Cross Field Directors. Junior Red Cross gives purposefulness to school work largely because the work is done to meet a real need. It follows that if the motive is employed sincerely pupils should not be deceived into thinking that work is used when it does not meet the need. Especially now when there are shortages of material, it is essential that none be wasted. A further reason for limiting certain types of production to pupils old enough to turn out satisfactory products is the necessity of conserving time in offices through which the production is channeled.

Within the classification suggested, however, there should still be enough flexibility to meet individual and community variations. The following recommendations are adapted from the Los Angeles bulletin.

For Intermediate Grade:

6th Grade—Simple wooden games, lap covers, card table covers, bedpan covers, hot water and ice bag covers, writing portfolios, joke books, cartoon books.

While younger children can often make tidy books of jokes and cartoon strips, the educational value of the project is increased if the selection of appropriate materials is part of the problem. Children below the 6th grade cannot usually select the kind of jokes and cartoons enjoyed by men in the armed forces.

5th Grade—Writing pads, fracture pillows, wall decorations, mounted crossword puzzles.

Here again a project like making crossword puzzle books and cards is often more appropriate for grades higher than the fifth, if something more is made of the activity than simply cutting and pasting. For older pupils, choice of crossword puzzles may develop new interest in vocabulary.

On the other hand younger pupils may make gifts of this sort as manual arts practice in neat workmanship and attractive placement of materials. Such work does not become too monotonous, even when the materials themselves fail to interest pupils, if the purpose of the work is emphasized. In some cases a younger and an older grade may collaborate successfully in projects of this type.

4th Grade—Washcloths, woven afghan squares, units of Christmas tree decorations, ash trays from shells, holiday greeting cards, simple tray mats and paper decorations.

Primary Grades—Salvage of materials for gifts, cutting and raveling fillings for fracture pillows, stuffing the pillows, weaving afghan squares, working with older pupils in activities like cutting and pasting or making simple cutout holiday ornaments, raveling yarn from old sweaters for afghans.

Through area headquarters you can obtain lists, patterns and suggestions for a wide variety of production recommended for national and international projects. By advance planning such production can be made to contribute impelling fresh interest to classroom units.

chairman to tell you the totals of Junior Red Cross production in your chapter this year.

Opportunities Coming Up—

May 21, "I am an American" Day: Plan a greeting for children of new American citizens in your community.

May 30, Memorial Day: Make special holiday favors for camp hospitals, hospitals of the Veterans' Facility and of the U. S. Public Health Service.

Plan your spring and summer "Food Fights for Freedom" campaign. *This month*, plant and tend gardens to produce more food. Aim for larger gardens, more gardens, and better use of soil. Begin a Gardening Log.

June and July: Conserve food by not wasting garden produce. Share surpluses with others who do not have gardens. Preserve surpluses for home and school use.

August: Produce more food by planting for fall gardens.

Keep a record of ceiling prices on foods you like, to show changes at different seasons. Read news stories and editorials that explain reasons for changes in point values and prices.

Earn a special contribution for the National Children's Fund before school closes. Hunt through former issues of the Junior Red Cross magazines for new ways.

| SUN | MON | TUE | WED | THU | FRI | SAT |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | |

Summer Fun in Service

Plan ways to share summer fun in service with JRC members who come home from schools for the blind or other boarding schools. Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman to get names and ages from the Board of Education and to help you make good plans.

Opportunities Coming Up—Make favors and gifts for the armed forces for July 4 and Labor Day.

Take notes in a memorandum book about summer happenings you can use next fall in Junior Red Cross school correspondence.

YOUNG MEMBERS, WHICH OF THE THINGS ON THE MAYPOLE RIBBONS CAN YOU HELP WITH? HOW CAN YOU GROW HEALTHY?

chairman whether members may have a JRC craftshop this summer. Junior high school members who can sew on machines may keep on making slippers, kit bags, and other articles for the armed forces.

Conserve materials by salvaging Holland cloth for surgical dressings or for JRC book covers.

Make washcloths for convalescent kits. Follow directions in Junior Red Cross SAF lists.

Other activities for Junior Red Cross craftshops are: Making stuffed balls and oilcloth building blocks for little children.

YOUNG MEMBERS, MAKE ALPHABET SPOOLS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Ask your teacher and Junior Red Cross chairman about directions on the other side of this Calendar.

Repair out-grown toys for younger children in your community.

Plan a sale for the Service Fund of things made in the Junior Red Cross craftshop. Examples of gifts to make for sale are: Christmas candles from candle stubs, pin cushions and needle cases from scraps of felt, new necklaces from discarded strands of beads or from melon seeds, luncheon mats from partly worn tablecloths, doorstops, key rings, wall plaques, bookends, covers for ration books, napkin holders, letter holders.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS



He decided to experiment with some of the strange things mentioned in the book

ABOUT THE YEAR 1850 there was living in the little town of Port Huron, Ohio, a boy who was later to become one of the world's greatest inventors.

Tom was always wanting to know the "how" and "why" of everything. One day he happened to get hold of an old science book and read with breathless interest about countless things he wanted to know. He decided to experiment with some of the strange things mentioned in the book. So with money he had saved he bought some secondhand apparatus and some of the cheaper chemicals. These he arranged on shelves in the cellar and, to make sure that no one interfered with his materials, he marked on every bottle **POISON—DON'T TOUCH.**

Tom became interested in flying and thought up a way of trying it. He persuaded Michael Oates, a boy who helped with the work in the house, to take a big dose of Seidlitz powder. When water is mixed with this powder, it forms a kind of gas. Tom knew that this gas was lighter than air and thought that when the gas filled Michael's stomach he would rise like a balloon. Michael took the powder and drank some water, and the boys eagerly awaited the result. But, alas, instead of rising into the blue, Michael was soon lying on the ground in agony with a terrible pain in his stomach. His cries brought Tom's mother to the scene, and when she learned

The Adventures of Tom Edison

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

Illustrations by Harve Stein

what Tom had done, she brought out the switch she kept behind the grandfather's clock and whipped the young experimenter soundly.

A new railroad had just come into the town, and Tom heard that a boy was needed to sell newspapers and candy on the train. Here was his chance to see the world. At every station the train passed Tom saw the telegraph operators at work clicking out their messages, and he decided to have a telegraph of his own. Soon he and his chum, who lived not far away, had strung wires between their houses.

What should they do for a current? Tom had read that if the fur of a cat is rubbed the wrong way it will give off electricity. The two boys got two big cats and attached them by their legs to the two ends of the line. At a time agreed upon they rubbed the fur of the cats vigorously, hoping to make the desired current. The cats, however, did not care for this experiment. They scratched and bit so furiously that the boys were obliged to let them go and had to save their money until they had enough to buy batteries. The homemade telegraph really worked, and Tom and his chum had great fun exchanging messages.

Tom knew all the train men and station agents along the route of the train and he picked up all sorts of interesting bits of news from them. He had some free time on the train and thought it would be fine to print a newspaper which would tell railroad men the news of interest to them. He bought an old printing press and some used type and set up a printing office in the baggage car. There he worked on the little newspaper which he called *The Weekly Herald*. It was a great success, and Tom soon had about three hundred subscribers.

Here are two excerpts from one of the issues. You will notice that the grammar, punctuation and spelling are somewhat original.

"THE MORE TO DO THE MORE DONE—
We have observed along the line of railway at

the different stations where there is only one porter, such as at Utica, where he is fully engaged, from morning till late at night, that he has everything clean and in first-class order, even the platforms the snow does not lie for a week after it has fallen, but is swept off before it is almost down, at other stations where



Each boy
rubbed the cats'
fur the wrong way

there is two porters things are visa versa."

"PREMIUMS—We believe that the Grand Trunk Railway gives premiums every six months to their Engineers who use the least wood and oil, running the usual journey. Now we have rode with Mr. E. L. Northrop, one of the engineers, and we do not believe you could fall in with another Engineer, more careful, or attentive to his Engine, being the most steady driver we have ever rode behind (and we consider ourselves some judge having been Railway riding for two years constantly), always kind, and obliging and ever at his post."

The newspaper had an unfortunate end. Tom had brought some of his beloved chemicals and set up a little laboratory in one part of the baggage car, and when he wasn't busy on the newspaper, he was making experiments. One day, sad to say, as the train was passing over a rough stretch of road, a bottle of phosphorus fell on the floor and broke. Suddenly the chemical burst into flame, and soon the car was ablaze. The fire was put out before it had done much harm, but the conductor was excited and angry. He declared that he would have no more of the dangerous

stuff on his train, and when the train came to the next stop he threw the whole outfit, including the printing press and type, out of the car. When their owner protested, the conductor picked him up and threw him out also. As the train puffed away in the distance, poor Tom was left in tears on the railroad platform in the midst of the ruins of his precious possessions.

A short time after this misfortune, something happened which had a great influence upon Tom's after life. One day, while he was standing on the railroad platform, he saw the station agent's little two-year-old boy playing on the track. A heavy freight train was coming toward the child. There was not a moment to be lost. With a flying leap, Tom sprang out on the track and dragged the baby out of reach of the oncoming wheels.

When the child's father heard about Tom's brave deed, he wanted to do something for him. He was a poor man and had no money, but he offered to teach Tom telegraphy. Nothing could have pleased Tom more, and the lessons were begun at once. The young telegrapher made such progress that he was soon as good as any operator along the line.

When he was sixteen years old Tom obtained a position as a night operator. "This night job just suited me," said Edison afterwards, "as I could have the whole day to myself." The night operators were supposed to sleep during the day, but Tom could not bear to waste good daylight hours in sleep. So he was often drowsy at night. He was required to signal the word "six" to the manager of the road every half hour. He wondered whether he couldn't invent a machine attached to a clock, which would do this work for him. His invention worked perfectly. All went well until one night when the manager wanted to communicate with Tom from his office some distance away. He sent his message but there was no response, yet the signal "six" had just come through. Something must be wrong. The manager went to find out and discovered the sixteen-year-old operator sound asleep. Tom promptly lost his job.

After that Edison spent several years roaming from one town in the Middle West to another. He would secure a position and in a little while he would lose it, because he couldn't overcome his impulse to invent. In the autumn of 1869 he decided to try his fortune in New York and arrived there penniless. As he had no money to pay for lodgings, he

was allowed to stay in the building of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company from which information on the buying and selling of stocks was sent out to brokers in the city.

One day, shortly after Tom's arrival, the complicated instrument which sent out the messages suddenly came to a standstill. If the trouble was not remedied at once, many business men would lose money. Everything in the office was in the wildest confusion; nobody seemed to know what to do. Quickly Tom made his way to the manager.

"I think I know where the trouble lies," he said quietly.

"Fix it! Fix it! Only be quick about it!" shouted the excited manager.

In a short time Edison had repaired the damage. He was called to the office of the president of the company and offered the managership of the company at three hundred dollars a month. Quite a change of fortune for the youth who had drifted to the city penniless a short time before!

A few years later some inventions of Edison's which improved the ticker were brought to the attention of the president of the company. He called the young inventor to his office and said, "Now, young man, I want to settle about your inventions. How much do you think you should receive?"

"I had made up my mind that, taking into consideration the time and the killing pace I was working at, I should be entitled to five thousand dollars," Edison said afterwards, "but I hadn't the nerve to ask for so large a sum."

Instead the young inventor said, "I



The cats did not care for the experiment

think I will let you name the price, sir."

"Well, how would forty thousand dollars strike you?" asked the president.

"This caused me to come as near fainting as I ever got," Edison tells. "I managed to say that I thought the amount was fair."

"All right, I will have the contract drawn. Come back in three days and I will give you the money."

Forty thousand dollars! Now Edison had enough money to experiment to his heart's content, and he decided to devote his whole time to inventing. He built a laboratory and secured assistants to help him work out his schemes. In his laboratory at Menlo Park, New Jersey, Edison spent busy, happy years which resulted in many inventions that astonished the world.



Edison's

stock ticker

Numpy

(Continued from page 180)

want Numpy to take his place. Numpy lay down near the tent. A herder threw a stone at him, and said, "Go home, you Numpy!"

Numpy felt very sad. He had worked so hard, and he liked Skarpa so much. He wanted to be Skarpa's dog and to have a master, like other dogs.

Numpy would have run away, but the good smell of the food held him back. If they would only give him one bite! Just one! Anders called Svarti and gave him a bowl of food. Skarpa had a bone in his hand.

Numpy went timidly forward just to smell it. He could not believe that it was for him, but Skarpa let him lick it. It was a large bone, with meat on it! Numpy felt himself wagging all over.

Skarpa patted Numpy's head, saying, "Good Numpy. Chase the calves back when they run away, and you shall have more bones."

Numpy took the bone in his teeth and ran toward the reindeer herd. Skarpa trusted him! What a wonderful master! Numpy would love him and serve him forever!

Notes on the U

ON THESE PAGES are stamps of the thirty-four countries that have signed the Joint Declaration of the United Nations. Each country has pledged its full resources against the Axis until the war and the peace are won.

AFTER the Germans overran much of Russia in 1941, the Soviet lost quantities of livestock so that there was a critical shortage of leather. But the Red Army men must have boots that will serve them against the heavy snow and bitter cold of Russian winter and the deep mud of spring and fall. So the United States and Great Britain, too, have been supplying millions of Army boots. The Soviet Government asked us if we could supply, besides the standard boot, a high leather, felt-lined type of boot that is wonderfully watertight. These are called "Vitiayne" boots and for centuries they had been made by hand in Russia for wear in melting snow and ice. At first that was a hard one for us. But we finally discovered a man in the United States who knows how to make them. In the old days, he had been head of the Czar's boot factory. With his advice, we soon had a machine process for making many pairs of Vitiayne in a hurry. Red Army men are wearing them today as they steadily drive the invaders off their land.

WHEN the Japanese had taken Hong Kong and the Burma Road, from Lashio in Burma to Kunming in China, they were sure that they had cut China off from all outside supplies. In Assam in the northeastern corner of India there were supplies, and by actual distance, Kunming was only 250 miles away. But what miles! In that stretch the great Himalayas rear their lofty peaks and drop into abysmal valleys. Clouds hang over them, formed when warm winds blow against the eternal ice and snow on the mountaintops. Sleet and hail squalls and furious winds swirl among the lofty crags. There were no roads and it looked like a hopeless matter to get planes "over the hump," as it is called. But working together, Chinese and Americans have found a way. Now planes of the U. S. Army Transport Service are constantly making that terrifying 500-mile round trip over



United Nations

the hump and back. And they are carrying with them more tons of vital supplies than ever got into China over the Burma Road. The planes bring back bags of silky, sand-like tungsten which we must have as an alloy for the steel in our armaments.

THE CREATURE on the New Zealand stamp is a tuatara, a sort of iguana. It is the sole surviving specimen of a type of reptiles that used to be plentiful thousands of years ago. On the top of its head is a small body which was once a third eye. The Spanish on the El Salvador stamp states that only El Salvador produces the true balsam, a kind of resin with a nice smell. We use it in soaps, perfumes and ointments. El Salvador abolished slavery in 1823, forty years ahead of us. The Greek stamp is from a fresco on the walls of a palace of ancient Crete. A feature of public games in ancient Crete was vaulting over an onrushing bull.

WHEN the Germans took over Norway in April, 1940, the Norwegian government broadcast an order to all Norwegian ships at sea to put into British or other anti-Axis ports. Norway's ships are now carrying supplies to battle lines all over the world. Many Norwegian whalers are now tankers carrying aviation gasoline.

NEAR the town of León in Guanajuato, Mexico, has provided a haven for more than seven hundred Poles, driven from their homes four years ago. Their journey to the New World and new hope took them into Russia, Siberia, and the Far East, across the Pacific to the United States and overland to León.

LEND-LEASE is not all one way by any means. From parts of the British Empire we get free of charge quantities of asbestos, chrome, rope fibers and coconut oil. Many of our soldiers cross to the British Isles on British transports. They find barracks and bases there already set aside and equipped for them. The British have given millions of dollars' worth of equipment and supplies to

(Continued on page 188)



American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOL. 25

MAY, 1944

NO. 8

National Officers of the American Red Cross

| | |
|----------------------------|---|
| FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT..... | President |
| CHARLES EVANS HUGHES..... | Vice-President |
| HERBERT HOOVER..... | Vice-President |
| NORMAN H. DAVIS..... | Chairman |
| FRANCIS BIDDLE..... | Counselor |
| DANIEL W. BELL..... | Treasurer |
| MABEL T. BOARDMAN..... | Secretary |
| JAMES T. NICHOLSON..... | Vice-Chairman in Charge of Junior Red Cross |
| LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR..... | National Director, Junior Red Cross |
| ELLEN McBRIDE BROWN..... | Editor |
| MARY LOUISE FAGO..... | Art Editor |

The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.



FROM A COVER DESIGN ON J.R.C. NEWS, BRAILLE EDITION

SNIFF

Frances Frost

When school is out, we love to follow
our noses over hill and hollow,
smelling jewelweed and vetch,
sniffing fern and milkweed patch.

The airy fifth of our five senses
leads us under, over, fences.
We run like rabbits through bright hours
and poke our noses into flowers!

"We Expect to Share"

(Notes from a school correspondence letter booklet sent from Niles District School, Charles City, Iowa, to a school in England.)

The cover pages of this booklet have been designed to show various food products raised and manufactured in our country. We expect to share these with our friends across the waters. The little red schoolhouse is the one we attend. It is on the plains of Iowa.

We farm children are very happy to feel that we can help win this war by raising food for all the soldiers.

Mother has a pressure cooker to can our

vegetables. It is fun to help her, but we must be careful not to get scalded with steam. We can six hundred quarts a year as we have a family of eight. . . .

Until it became necessary to ration gas and conserve our tires, we attended 4-H Club meetings. Shirley Rose Brown has organized a Garden Club of fifteen members. We can walk to those meetings.

I am secretary of our Salvage Club at school. We have salvaged many materials to help win the war.—*Avis Larsen.*

Iowa is a fine agricultural district. We have very cold winters. This year there were 28 days of weather under 20 degrees below zero. Our summers are very warm. Where we live, we often see an airplane, but we have no worry when we go to bed at night. You may think we do not realize that we are in war. We do very much. . . . I have a pony called Tarbaby. He is black. I ride him to school in warm weather. All the children love him. Jingles, my dog, goes to school, too.—*Clifford L. Gray.*

I live on a farm of 240 acres. We raise oats, corn, beans and hay to feed our livestock. We sell some cream and eggs each week. In April we will market 10 fat steers and about 50 large hogs. It is from farms like ours that soldiers get their meat.

A boy can find much to do to help on a farm. I am twelve years old, and I can drive a tractor, milk, and help in many ways. I have a cow and calf of my own. In winter I love to skate and slide with my sled.—*Charles Larson.*

Our pasture is just across the road from the school playground. We may look out of the window and see my father driving his horses. He farms 160 acres with 6 horses.

We have beautiful red hogs and many cattle. My dog Jack, who is almost blind, helps me care for our animals. When we go to town, we drive a 1937-model car.—*Claire Heffron.*

We want you to know that American children think of you as "our friends," even though you are miles away and live in large cities. . . . The school paper tells how you British children have learned to work in gardens. I know you enjoy that work. We do. During the year, because we are short of teachers, my mother teaches our school. This year we have only six pupils, three boys and three girls, but we have much fun. Our ages are from 8 to 13 years. I have fun at home with my dolls and my kitten, Mitten Purr. Each of her feet is like a white mitten, and she purrs like a motor boat. I have a brother in the Army—*Shirley Rose Brown.*



The Greek refugee children above near Moses' Wells in Egypt were grateful for food, clothes, and medicine supplied by British authorities and by the American Red Cross



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO BY CHARLES ZAIMES

The National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross has provided school supplies, including paints, brushes, ink, pencils and paper, for Yugoslav children above

New Hope in Their Eyes

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

"ON THE SHORES of the Sinai Peninsula the American Red Cross is helping thousands of refugees, particularly women and children, who have escaped from Nazi-occupied Europe.

"This particular camp is near Moses' Wells, where in Bible times the children of Israel first found refuge after escaping out of Egypt across the Red Sea. Today's refugees, freed at last from oppression, must be thinking some of the same thoughts as those of long ago.

"The children look like grown people, for they are aged by the hardships and suffering they have endured. In many cases their fathers and mothers or sisters and brothers lie in nameless graves back in the homeland from which they had to flee. But now a new hope shines in their eyes, a faith in better things to come, for they are getting help at last and they begin to hope for the day when they will return to their native lands and begin life anew.

"The women and the schoolgirls in America who have toiled so faithfully at their Red Cross knitting and sewing would be entirely repaid for their labors if they could see the delight of the refugee children as they receive their first chapter-produced clothing upon their arrival at camp. For days they

cannot keep their eyes or fingers off their beautiful new sweaters and dresses."

This is part of a report written by Charles E. Bailey, one of the American Red Cross men who is working in the Middle East. There is no doubt that some of the clothing he writes about was made by members of the American Junior Red Cross, for in schools all over the country they are helping with this part of the Red Cross production program. That clothing had been shipped from Red Cross chapters in various places to the big Red Cross harborside warehouse in Jersey City. Cases of this good, well-made clothing were sent to representatives of the American Red Cross in Cairo, Egypt.

All members of the American Junior Red Cross can share in another way in the help being given war victims. That is through the National Children's Fund. Not long ago a cable came from Cairo saying that thousands of people evacuated from Yugoslavia would soon be coming into the Middle East. The British Middle East Relief and Refugee Administration helped by the American Red Cross would be responsible for them. From Red Cross stores on the spot these people could be supplied with garments, including shawls, nightgowns, dresses, toddler packs, sweaters,

shirts, layettes and pajamas. But there were no school supplies for the many children expected. Could the Junior Red Cross send some? Because the National Children's Fund had been kept up with contributions big and little from schools large and small all over the country, the Junior Red Cross could. An allotment of \$6,000 has been used to buy powdered ink (enough to make twenty gallons), writing tablets, paint brushes, chalk, pencils, rulers and other supplies. Every one of the writing tablets carries the Junior Red Cross shield on it, and the Yugoslav children far from their homes will be able to read in their own language the words, "Gift of the American Junior Red Cross."

Even a writing tablet can mean a good deal in a country at war, as you will see from this letter of thanks from a school in Dorset, England, where children had received some cocoa bought with money from the National Children's Fund:

"We hope you do not mind our using both sides of the paper. We have to waste as little as possible. Our teacher has even added extra lines at the top and bottom of our writing books to make them last longer.

"We thank you once again for your generous gift; and in return we promise to remember you in our prayers, for all you are doing for the children of England."

Do you remember our telling you about the gift of shoes for Russian war orphans which was made from your Fund sometime ago? Well, unfortunately, those good shoes, more than seven thousand pairs of them, went down with the ship that was taking them to Russia. But now, another lot has been bought and sent on its way.

Just lately the Fund has been called upon to share in a big piece of international cooperation in behalf of the Greeks. Hundreds of thousands of garments, made by Red Cross volunteers in Canada and the United States,

are being shipped to Greece in neutral Swedish vessels. For some time these ships have been taking to Greece wheat and other food from the governments of Canada and the United States, supplies bought by the Greek War Relief Society, and medicines and drugs furnished by the American and Canadian Red Cross societies. They have been sailing regularly between St. Johns, New Brunswick, and Piraeus, the port of Athens, on a safe conduct pass from the German government. When they arrive in Greece, the desperately needed supplies are distributed by the Swedish-Swiss Commission, in cooperation with the International Committee of the Red Cross. From now on, when the ships sail away to Greece with all those garments made by Red Cross workers, they will carry, also, gifts from the American Junior Red Cross. For to make the clothing outfits complete, there was a need for thousands of pairs of socks and stockings. And so \$30,000 was spent from the National Children's Fund to buy them.

So it is. The National Children's Fund gives members of the American Junior Red Cross a chance to share in really important undertakings. The larger the Fund, the more you can do through it. The fact that this Fund has been kept up and kept at work for twenty-five years is something for every member to be proud of. Contributions come from every kind of school in all sorts of amounts. Members in a big city system may send a check for thousands. Members in a one-room country school may send a dollar. The amount is not the important thing. The big thing is the spirit that goes with the checks. Those checks, large or small, show that children of the United States think of other children, especially children who are victims of this most terrible of all wars, and want to help them. Keep the checks coming. Keep working for the National Children's Fund even in the vacation months.—E. McB. B.

Notes on the United Nations

(Continued from page 185)

American Red Cross units serving American soldiers in Britain.

Australians and New Zealanders are on rations so as to help supply food for our soldiers in their countries.

One of the hardest sea trips in the world is the route some of our lend-lease supplies for Russia take across the Atlantic and through the sub-infested waters and the plane-thick

sky around the North Cape to Murmansk. The Russian government, though so desperately hard pressed, feeds our seamen, fuels our ships and takes care of those wounded on the trip. All together, we get back billions of dollars' worth of services and supplies from our allies who have the enemy on their soil, on and under their seas and in the skies above them. Their fight is our fight, the fight of all the United Nations for freedom.

Watch That Lunchbag!

FOUR HUNDRED and forty ration points for meat and cheese; three hundred fifty points for canned fruits and vegetables . . . wasted . . . thrown away in the course of a month in one school lunchroom. Thrown away by boys and girls who in a dozen other ways are helping to win the war, but who just hadn't realized that war on waste means more than saving old newspapers and tin cans. Does that sound like a fairy tale? Well, it isn't—and here's the story:

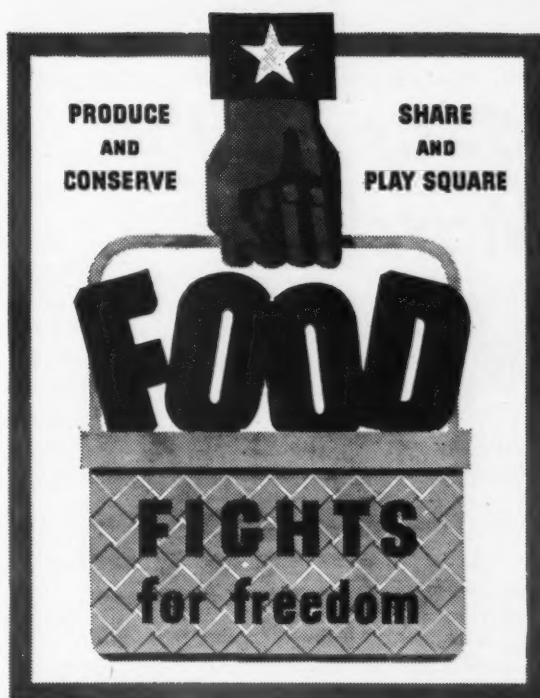
Recently the emergency war foods administrator for Kane County, Illinois, visited the Edward A. Abbott School in Elgin, Illinois. She told the boys and girls there that if every family in the United States wasted only *one* slice of bread each *week*, the total would run into millions of loaves and would represent, really, the difference between life and death for many thousands of children in Greece and China and other countries overseas where food shortages are serious.

Junior Red Cross members of Abbott School decided to begin on their own home grounds to correct any food waste they could uncover. First they made a survey of the school cafeteria. No waste there! Next they decided to check the lunch bags tossed into the wastebasket at noontime. And there they really made a find.

After students had left the lunchrooms the discarded lunch bags were reopened and checked. Oranges and apples were discovered with only a bite or two eaten. Sandwiches with such fillings as meat, cheese and lettuce—many in their original wrappings—had been thrown away and countless other sandwiches had been discarded after the first bite. Carrot strips, cauliflower, olives and an assortment of other good foods were found, too.

Students weren't told the purpose of the check because if they had been, the results wouldn't have been nearly so reliable. The Junior Red Cross Chairman and the foods class instructor were enlisted to help with the investigation.

The wastebaskets were checked for a two-



week period at first. Then after another week they were checked again. During the last week all the bread was put in one basket, toasted, ground and measured in ounces. All meat, cheese, vegetables and fruit were placed in another, and these, too, were ground and measured. *All together enough food had been wasted to feed sixty-five children a well-balanced meal every day for a four-week period.*

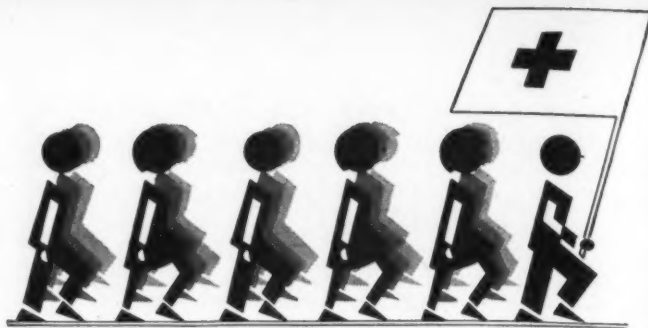
The J. R. C. investigators didn't throw away the food retrieved in the survey. It was fed to chickens, dogs and birds and so served some good at last!

Finally, results of the survey were presented at a regular meeting of the Abbott Parent-Teacher Association, and the following morning to the whole student body. As the J. R. C. committee pointed out, "Food is a weapon of war, and must be conserved."

The results of the study will reach out a lot farther than Abbott School, however. A full report was carried in the *Elgin Daily Courier-News*, and the government food expert who first told the Abbott students about the need for saving every single ounce of food is planning to write a play based on the J. R. C. survey. You can help, too, by making sure that no survey in your school can turn up any such results. Remember—**FOOD FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM.**

WE WASTE TWICE AS MUCH FOOD AS WE SEND OUR ALLIES

Ideas on the March



SUMMERTIME'S not vacation time to Junior Red Cross members these days. J. R. C. Jeeps have a job to do, and loafing is out for the duration.

Wartime expansion has made it necessary for the District of Columbia Chapter to spread out in a number of buildings. Most of them are near by, but the problem of getting mail, messages and packages back and forth presented a problem until—Junior Red Cross members of the District came to the rescue. Two or three of them serve each day in the Manager's office and are johnny-on-the-spot to give quick service.

Members in Bethesda, Maryland, called their summer workshop "Jeep House" and more than 300 boys and girls worked there all summer. When summer was over, there was a parade, led by 41 members of the Bicycle Corps who had served as messengers for Red Cross Units. The J. R. C. program at Jeep House covered everything from production for the armed forces to Red Cross courses in first aid, nutrition and home nursing.

The fourth floor of Marshall Field's in Chicago, Illinois, was buzzing with activity all summer—nearly 500 children reported to the Junior Red Cross Workshop there and served a total of 4,739 hours. There were simple things for the younger children to do—clipping crossword puzzles and cartoons—and more difficult things for the older ones—deco-

rating glass bottles for bedside vases, cutting linoleum block prints for greeting cards, and so on.

During the summer months, and on through the school year, boys and girls of the Lottie Grunsky School in Stockton, California, worked hard on a big Christmas undertaking: A Bottle Shop. These J. R. C. members kept on the lookout for bottles of attractive and unusual shape. Then they decorated them, using such simple implements as nails and ends of orange sticks to produce interesting designs. Samples we saw were enameled in bright blues, reds and whites. The bottle necks were banded with raffia. The gaily colored stoppers were ingeniously made from tops and doorstops, cemented to corks.

At Christmastime, when all the bottles were ready, they were installed in the J. R. C. Bottle Shop at the school, and sold for from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter apiece. Profits were used to purchase materials for gifts and comfort articles which Grunsky School members make for men in the Stockton Ordnance Depot Hospital.

Boys of Westview School, Chattanooga, Tennessee, planning home gardens. In the background is a picture they painted of the results they hoped to get



FROM A J. R. C. SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE ALBUM



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS



THE AMERICAN RED CROSS has just shipped to our prisoners of war in Germany 648 garden kits. In each one were seeds of lettuce, tomatoes, spinach, cabbage, sweet corn—in fact, all sorts of vegetables, as well as three combination hoes and weeders. The vegetables will help a lot to keep the men well and strong and they will enjoy the chance to do some gardening once again. The seeds and tools will be distributed by representatives of the International Red Cross Committee in Geneva on their regular visits to the prison camps.

Besides this, the prisoners are going to have lots of fun with the game kits which have been sent as a gift of the American Junior Red Cross. Such games as Fox and Geese and Nine Men's Morris are included in the carefully made wooden chests. Directions are shellacked on the back of each game. Pressure of shipping dates limited the time for turning out these game kits, so the Boys Club of San Francisco offered to complete the first shipment of approximately fifty as an emergency service for Junior Red Cross. Production by J. R. C. members will soon go forward in industrial arts classes, using a standard pattern, of course, supplied by Junior Red Cross Chairmen.



OUT OF Canada's population of 11,500,000, there are 850,000 who are members of the Junior Red Cross.

Out of Newfoundland's 300,000 people, there are 11,500 J. R. C. members. For their war work these 861,500 members keep up the Canadian Junior Red Cross War Fund. A Canadian Red Cross news release tells what a magnificent job they are doing with it:

The Juniors maintain 14 war nurseries in Britain and supply all the clothing for the children. Fourteen mobile kitchens, 6 ambulances, 6 carrier canteens, 5 utilicons, 2 sta-

tion wagons and 1 utility car have all been donated by Canadian Juniors for service overseas, in addition to the endowment of a bed in Taplow Hospital in Great Britain. A mobile canteen has been given for use in Halifax. For Canadian prisoners of war, the Juniors have given 1,200 musical instruments, thousands of dollars' worth of vital dental equipment, and drawing instruments and supplies for students of architecture, engineering, and so on.



Hawaiian maypole at a worldwide program given by the Failing School in Portland, Oregon

To treat children ill with coeliac disease in Britain, Canadian Juniors sent over two thousand dollars' worth of urgently needed medical supplies. And for the relief of undernourished children in Greece, Yugoslavia, Poland, Belgium and France, \$25,000; \$20,000 for the relief of Chinese children; \$20,000 for Russian children; \$10,000 for Greek children, and \$10,000 for Polish children in Palestine.



ROBERT RICHARDSON of Tuttle School, Minneapolis, Minnesota, wrote in a letter booklet to England: "The children in our room are reading about other countries, and one of these countries is England. We have

a record chart on our blackboard. When someone reads a story on another country, our secretary fills in a colored square and writes the name of the country above it. We are preparing for the peace to come by reading about people in other countries. We are finding that they are not much different from us."

Viola Benjerges of the same school wrote in a school bulletin: "We learn a great deal about other countries from the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. Many times in social studies if you have a question, you can find the answer in that magazine. Try it."

Another way to find the answer is to ask questions in your school correspondence albums and letter booklets.

WAR RELIEF
PRODUCTION



FIRST AID



NUTRITION



ACCIDENT
PREVENTION





Sven stretched out on the grass by the roadside. "The rest of the trip will be fun," he thought

Up Goes Sven

KARL LARSSON

Pictures by the Author

ABOUT the time when your father was a little boy and your mother was a little girl there lived in Sweden a boy named Sven. His parents were very poor, so on Saturdays Sven worked for a farmer. The farmer had a truck garden just outside the city where Sven lived. In this truck garden the farmer raised carrots, peas, cabbage, parsnips, potatoes, spinach, parsley and dill.

Sven had to get to the farm early Saturday mornings, load the vegetables on a cart and then push the cart to the market place in the center of the city. Sven did not mind getting up early, because in summer in Sweden there is daylight almost all the time, with only an hour or two of darkness during the night.

Sven loved pushing the cart to market. It had two big wheels and very long handles. Before starting on a trip, Sven always greased the axles around the hubs of the wheels to make the cart easy

to push. Even so, it was hard work to push the cart uphill, but oh, how much fun it was when he came to a downgrade! Then he had to hold the cart back a little so it would not run away with him. If he balanced the cart just right, he could take his feet off the ground and ride for a long distance just hanging on to the bars. But he had to be very careful or the cart might topple over and spill all the vegetables.

A few days after midsummer, when the sun did not set but just touched the horizon and came up again,

Sven arrived very early at the farm. He knew that there would be a lot of vegetables to take to the market that morning.

He filled nearly half the cart with new potatoes. Then there were lots and lots of small, hard cabbages. The rest of the cart he filled with carrots, parsnips and spinach and a few bunches of parsley and dill.

When all the stuff was packed, Sven set off for the city. The first mile was hard work, for it was nearly all uphill. But just when Sven got so tired that he did not think he could push the cart another inch, the road flattened out, and after a while went downhill.

Today, with the extra heavy load, Sven thought he would never get to the top of the hill. He pushed and pushed. The muscles on the backs of his legs began to ache, yet he pushed steadily on. "I'll count fifty more steps," he thought, "and then I bet I'll be at the top." One,

two, three, four and all the way to fifty he counted with each hard step that he took. But when he came to fifty he was still far from the top.

"All right, I'll count to a hundred," he said to himself. One, two, three, four, he counted, as he pushed along. And when he came to eighty-two, there he was at the top of the hill.

He let down a little bar in front of the cart for it to rest on and stretched himself out on the grass by the roadside. "The rest of the trip will be fun," he thought. He lay flat on his back for a while and watched the puffy white clouds chase one another in the blue sky.

Then he started off again. The road was flat now, so, after he got the cart started, it almost went by itself. After about a mile of this would come the downgrade which led straight into the market place.

Sven tested the balance of the cart. He pushed his feet against the ground and quickly lifted them up for a second or two—yes, the cart was perfectly balanced this morning.

Sven hurried a little now. He could already see the house where the shoe-maker lived, and it was here that the downgrade began.

When he got there the cart began to pull forward a little by its own weight. Sven gave the ground a little push with one foot and then drew his feet up under him and clung to the handle bars.

At first he only took his feet off the ground a second or two, but after a while he got more courage and rode quite a dis-



Sven's arms were getting so tired he thought: "I'll drop in another minute"

tance before he touched the ground again.

Over and over again he did this until he finally reached the street which led into the market place. Here he had to be more careful, because both the street and the market place were paved with round, slippery cobblestones which made the cart go bumpety, bumpety, bump.

After several more short rides on the handle bars he was nearly at the end of the street. Sven was sorry the trip was almost finished. "Oh dear," he thought, "it will be a week before I can do this again. But now I'll have one more long ride."

Sven took four or five long steps and pushed hard on the cart—then he lifted his feet and hung onto the handle bars. The barber standing outside of his shop waved to him as he sailed by. This was the longest ride of all. The cart had plenty of speed left. "I think I can ride right onto the square," he thought. "Yes, yes, I think I can make it," he shouted, as the market place opened up in front of him—when, crash!—the cart hit a

loose cobblestone. Down came the other end of the cart, and up in the air went Sven.

Before Sven had time to think, there he was, away up in the air hanging onto the handle bars with all his might. Potatoes and cabbages were rolling out of the cart by the dozens, down the street onto the market square.

Sven shouted: "Help, help—help me down." His arms were getting tired, but he did not dare let go, for the cobblestones below him were very hard.

People came running, shouting and laughing. Sven's arms were getting so tired he thought: "I'll drop in another minute." And all the time more cabbages and more and more potatoes were rolling out of the cart.

But the people just laughed as they looked up at him dangling high up in the air. "What are you doing up there, Sven?" one of them shouted. "Are you trying to take down the sun?"

"No, he is trying to paint the sky more blue," said another. And another laughed and shouted: "How is the air up there?"

But when the people saw that Sven was ready to drop, they were very kind and lifted him down. The men helped him right the cart, and then Sven began to pick up the potatoes and the cabbages, which had rolled all over the square. The men helped him, but they were still joking about his trip to the sky. Sven felt ashamed of himself and wanted to go somewhere and cry. But now that the vegetables were all back in the cart again, he had to push it to the stand where they would be sold. There was much to do, so after a while Sven forgot that he wanted to cry. But he still felt

very badly about the whole business.

After Sven had unloaded the cart and placed the vegetables in neat piles at the stand, he sat down to wait for people to come and buy them. He had hardly sat a minute when a woman came to buy some potatoes.

"I hear you tried to take a trip to the moon," she said as she paid him. Sven did not say anything but started to rearrange the spinach.

Sven had never had such a day for selling vegetables. He had no time to sit down at all. As soon as someone had bought something, somebody else would come up to the stand. And nearly all of them asked silly questions about his trip to the moon or the sky or the stars.

Sven never said anything, but just kept on measuring out potatoes and wrapping up cabbages.

On other Saturdays he would have lots of vegetables left at the end of the day, but by four o'clock this afternoon he did not have a single potato, or cabbage or bunch of spinach, parsley or dill left.

The farmer always came at five o'clock to collect the money and take the cart back. So today Sven had nothing to do for a whole hour.

People were still coming to the stand to buy, but when they saw that all the vegetables were gone, they laughed and asked: "Did you sell all the stuff to the man in the moon?"

All this joking did not make Sven feel very good, and he thought the farmer would never come. But after a while he did, and he laughed and said: "Sven, I hear you tried to fly this morning."

Well, that made Sven almost cry again.

But as soon as the farmer saw that

all the vegetables had been sold, he patted Sven on the back and told him that he was the best salesman in the whole market. And when Sven handed him the money he had collected, the farmer took a new, shiny dollar from the purse and gave it to Sven.

"This you get extra," he said, "besides your wages, because you sold the whole load of vegetables so quickly."

And Sven's heart jumped with joy as he ran across the square to the candy store where he bought a big bag of chocolates.

Competition

ELLA McFADYEN

NOW little Johnny Jenkinson,
He was the wicked one;
He found his daddy's garden seed
And mixed it up for fun.

He mixed it and he mixed it—
'Twas a shocking thing to do—
And when his daddy planted it,
Why, this is what he grew:

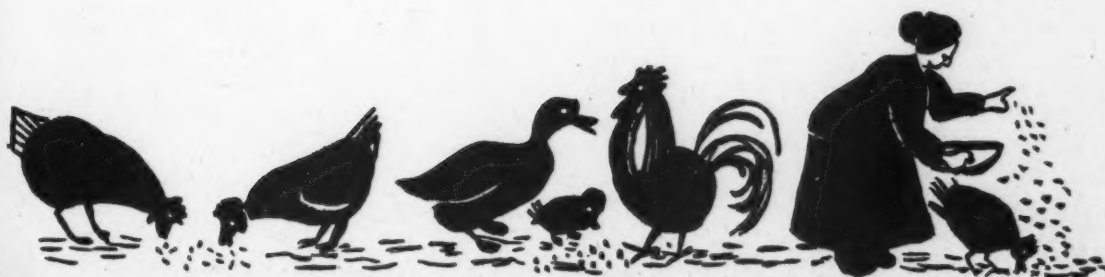
There were cabbery and cellage,
And pumpkibarb and beas,
Spinatoes, too, and cadishes,
And even worse than these.

There were lettiflowers and cauliroots
And a big globe cutichoke;
And some folk may like rhubumbers,
But not so Johnny's folk.

The herbs grew—myme and tharjoram,
Sarsley and page—oh dear;
When Mummy mixed the seasoning,
It tasted very queer.

Then up spake Daddy Jenkinson,
His brow as black as night,
And ordered John to eat them all—
I think it served him right.

From the book "Here's Fun for You," by Ella McFadyen. Courtesy "Junior Red Cross Record," New South Wales, Australia.



First-grade pupils of a school in Chile drew this picture of a woman feeding ducks and chickens,

and sent it in an album to Junior Red Cross members in the United States



CITY



At the Junior Red Cross Center at Marshall Field's in Chicago last summer, young artists and craftsmen (above) decorated hundreds of cigar boxes for use as bright bedside kits in military hospitals. They also turned bottles into gaily painted vases to hold flowers for the patients



COUNTRY

Plan to go places with Junior Red Cross this summer. Even if you can't go off to camp as usual, you can develop an arts and crafts group in your own neighborhood. In town or country, you can Victory garden or make War on Waste. Learn to swim and take a Red Cross Water Safety course



JUNIOR RED CROSS

Summer Snapshots

Make money for the National Children's Fund this summer. Decorate and sell nail kegs for wastebaskets, as Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, members are shown doing. Wait table as two brothers in Atlanta, Georgia, did. Or run a delivery service like that of the two Pasadena, California, members at right



At a summer vacation Bible school in St. Petersburg, Florida (photo at left), J. R. C. members made vases for soldier patients at near-by Indian Rocks, as well as layettes for soldiers' wives

TOP PHOTO, COURTESY OF "THE CHICAGO SUN"; THREE BOTTOM PHOTOS, COURTESY OF "THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION," BARBARA WALSER AND W. HENNING



J.R.C. CAMP

SEASHORE



